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those which he does not. Well then—he has neither fire, nor energy, nor eloquence, nor passion, nor wit, nor humour, nor pathos. His excellence consists in tact in the management of causes. It is vain to expect from Scarlet a single observation calculated to instruct the understanding, to delight the fancy, or to touch the heart. Even though the subjects admitted, he could not indulge in wide, enlightened, or philosophical reflection. He thinks—he can think only of plaintiff and defendant; he wants a verdict, and nothing but a verdict. He is eternally the same; his sympathies seem deadened within him; the misfortunes and sufferings of his client cannot divert him from his accustomed course; the exposure of unexampled villainy cannot fire him with honest indignation. He is a composition of art—there is nothing natural about him. His voice is measured within a certain compass, his action tutored; and sooner might one expect melodious music from an owl, than an ebullition of natural feeling from the lips of Scarlet. I attended the trials concerning the liberty of the press, of which the Attorney-General would needs be thought a zealous defender—imagining that, possibly, on such an occasion, I might hear something eloquent and luminous; but no—the opening speech, as a piece of oratory, was thin and feeble—delivered in the usual soft and unimpassioned tone; the only difference perceptible in his manner was, that it had increased in arrogant familiarity with the jury: he gave them to understand that their verdict was expected. His reply to Mr. Alexander's defence was insolent and unfeeling; and I own I could hardly repress the burning indignation I felt, when I heard such a man venturing to confess his hostility to the press, and expressing his determination to regulate it in all its branches, periodical and otherwise. What would I have given for the fire and genius of a Curran to uphold the dignity of the press, and strike terror into the heart of the Whig and Tory Attorney-General! Mr. Alexander was most injudicious in undertaking his own defence.—He wanted both the talent and judgment requisite for so arduous a task. Why did he not commit his case to Denman, the most ardent, independent, and eloquent member of the English Bar? He must dislike Scarlet, because it is natural for generous and unsuspecting natures to dislike and to despise their opposites.

On that libel for calling Wellington a dangerous minister, which is the only case to which I allude, where the jury shewed by their qualified verdict, that they were disinclined to convict, Denman would have triumphed over his sneering adversary,—his honest eloquence would have warmed the hearts of the coldest of his hearers,—his ardent spirit would have communicated to the jury a portion of its own fire—would have stirred up their best emotions, and kindled a just resentment against so flagrant a violation of the dearest rights and privileges of Englishmen. Sir James is an old hand at prosecutions against the press. He won unfading laurels as Attorney-General for the Bishop of Durham, in the prosecution of Ambrose Williams for a libel; his speech then was prefaced with a similar exordium, to that delivered in Alexander's case, in praise of a well regulated press; but Williams was lucky in having secured the splendid talents of Brougham, by whom he was gloriously defended. His was a tremendous speech; he

crushed Scarlet, and poured out a tempest of sarcasm such as never before fell from the lips of man. I would strenuously advise all who wish to form a correct opinion of the merits and abilities of these two eminent persons, to read the report of that interesting trial. A single passage from Brougham's speech in reply to Scarlet's hollow panegyric on the blessings of temperate discussion, will be forgiven. "Far from my learned friend it is to impugn those rights in the abstract, nor indeed have I ever yet heard a prosecutor for libel—an Attorney-General (and I have seen a good many in my time,) whether of our Lord the King, or of our Lord of Durham, who, while in the act of crushing every thing like unfettered discussion, did not preface his address to the jury, with God forbid that the fullest enquiry should not be allowed; but then the admission had invariably a condition following close behind, which entirely retracted the concession; provided always the discussion be carried on harmlessly, temperately, calmly,—that is to say, in such a manner as to leave the subject untouched, and the reader unmoved—to satisfy the public prosecutor, and to please the persons attacked."

The highest and only praise then, which can be given to the subject of this sketch is, that of being a consummate legal tactician. Outside Westminster Hall, he is a mere nobody, while the other great lawyers of the day, after discharging zealously their duty to their clients, hasten to discharge the still higher duty they have imposed upon themselves towards the public and mankind, Scarlet posts away to chambers to count his guineas and to hug his briefs. As a parliamentary speaker, he is contemptible; his artificial habits totally unfitting him for a popular assembly. Were I in his situation, I would avoid the House of Commons: his must be a seat of thorns; every night does some one of his old political friends manfully denounce his conduct. In the debate on the Address, Mr. Protheroe sitting in his own old seat, gave him a heavy hit—the example has been well followed. Sir F. Burdet demolished his old friend and defender: this was the unkindest cut of all, and it affected him so sensibly, that when he stood up to reply, his voice, they say, faltered, and he had like to cry. Mr. Hume, too, loudly protested, "that he saw no use now in being a member of parliament, save that a man might speak his sentiments safe from the fangs of the Attorney-General." Poor Scarlet: it is somewhat unfortunate for him that his speech on behalf of Sir F. Burdet, should remain still on record, in which he denounced with so much honest indignation, the law of libel, and inveighed against the flagitious proceedings by which that public spirited baronet was subjected to such dangerous penalties. The debate which must arise on Sir C. Wetherall's motion, will, doubtless, afford the Attorney-General much sincere pleasure in giving him an opportunity of reconciling those little inconsistencies, which ill-natured people fancy they have discovered in his character. I hope that night to be an humble, though happy listener, in the gallery. I hope Sir James will be taught to restrain the exuberance of his affection towards the press; and I hope the debate will teach the public, that if free discussion is allowed in England, it is not by reason of the law of libel, but it is in spite of the law of libel—it is not because Attorneys-General do not prosecute; but it is

because they dare not; and above all, I hope the discussion will prepare the minds of honorable members to lend their cordial support to Mr. O'Connell in his praiseworthy attempt to free the press of this country from some of the worst features of that atrocious law. I should mention, that on one occasion, in the House of Commons, Sir J. Scarlet was betrayed into the manifestation of strong feeling, and into the manly avowal of bold opinions. This singular phenomenon occurred in the debate on the motion relative to the Chancellor's attack on Mr. Abercrombie. "He was (said a periodical of that day), then surprised into his own original nature, and forgetting the measured compass of his long adopted voice and manner, spoke out in a broad northern dialect, and told *daring truths* which astonished the House. It is not thus, however, that he wins verdicts, and compels the court to grant rules to shew cause." Let him have every merit for his spirited conduct in this instance; and let his admirers, if he has any, inscribe his speech in letters of gold; for excepting this singular effort, I am not aware of his having written or spoken a sentence on any subject literary, legal, or political, on which in ten years hence, memory would delight to dwell. His legal knowledge is more practical than profound; he possesses more of the tact of the advocate than the deep learning of the lawyer. A comical incident occurred half a dozen years back. A report was spread abroad, that Scarlet was dead: all the papers of the day wrote characters of the deceased lawyer, which coincided to a remarkable degree, in setting him down as a man of no genius, but of industrious habits and middling talents. The lawyer lived, however, to frighten his enemies into better manners; and, doubtless, the gentlemen of the press will ask twice the next time, before they credit such afflicting intelligence. As to his chance of being remembered twenty years hence, it is not impossible that some unhappy book-maker, in rummaging among the Rules of Court, or a still more unhappy law student, condemned to wade through the hundred volumes of Barnewell and Creswell's Reports, may discover that there existed in these times, a lawyer who moved many motions, that he became Attorney-General, and that his name was Scarlet.

W.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Narrative of the War in Germany and France, in 1813 and 1814. By Lieutenant General William Vane, Marquess of Londonderry, G. C. B. G. C. H. Colonel of the 10th Royal Hussars, &c.—London: Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

NOTWITHSTANDING the period which has elapsed, since the occurrence of the events detailed in this volume, the perusal of them cannot fail to excite an intense interest. They form the most extraordinary portion of the most wonderful era in the history of the world; they are deeply connected with the dignity, the welfare, even the political existence of the British empire. The interest is heightened in the present volume, by the knowledge that the detail of events is developed by a writer well calculated, from the position in which he was placed, to obtain clear, extended and accurate views of the series of occurrences both political

and military; and attention is still further invited, from the fact that this writer has already acquired a certain degree of literary character, from the accounts published by him of the previous war in the Spanish Peninsula, where also he was a spectator and an actor of considerable eminence.

The Marquess of Londonderry was sent early in the year 1813 to the north of Germany, as a military diplomatist, to aid in forwarding the great measures proposed by the confederated powers of Europe, for breaking down the gigantic and overweening domination of Bonaparte. He was not invested with any special military appointment: his office was chiefly, if not altogether, diplomatic. But in the course of transactions, mostly of a military nature, it was to be expected that the narrative of them, emanating from the pen of a distinguished officer, who had seen much service under one of the first generals of the age, would convey a large portion of that peculiar information which a military pen alone can well convey, and thus give a more lively hue to the description of scenes, that require a soldier's eye to catch the proper point of view, as well as an author's intellect to delineate the conception accurately.

When the great confederacy already spoken of had been determined on, the English government, to which it chiefly owed its origin, and certainly all its success, despatched a number of officers of rank to reside at the courts, and near the persons of the several allied monarchs, with a view to observe the progress of events, to forward the great objects of the confederacy, to stimulate exertion, to check irresolution, to guard against the secret collisions of private or unworthy interests, and to report thereon to the government from which they had received their powers. They were the minor springs of the great machine, constructed to overthrow the new dynasty of France. The duty, however honorable, as requiring talent and integrity to a high degree, was by no means pleasant, and many circumstances recorded by the noble author of this narrative, prove that, more than once, he had occasion to exert all the energies requisite to give effect to his instructions. He appears to have been peculiarly placed about the person of the present king of Sweden, then prince royal, or presumptive heir to that throne, previously an officer of distinguished talent in the French republican service, and originally a soldier of fortune. The work before us, therefore, affords several traits of the character of this extraordinary military adventurer, the only one of the numerous band of similar adventurers, that has been able to retain the elevated station on the wheel of fortune, to which they had been so wonderfully whirled up by that capricious goddess, in one of her most fantastic moods.

His movements appear to have been watched very closely, and very suspiciously by his noble, and as it would also appear, rather unwelcome attendant. Our first introduction to Bernadotte, presents him to us in a view very different from that of the rough republican soldier, which his previous life might have led us to expect. The manner in which the Marquess of Londonderry describes his introduction and his first interviews, also shews that this nobleman had early imbibed an opinion of Bernadotte's secret leaning towards his native country, and his former associates.

"I dined," says the Marquess, "on the day of my arrival at Griefswald with the Prince Royal of Sweden, and had two long conferences with his Royal Highness. His engaging manners, spirited conversation, facility of expression, and the talent which displayed itself in all that he said, convinced me on my first interview that he was no ordinary man. It was, however, my duty not to permit myself to be dazzled by his brilliancy, but to ascertain, if possible, through the glitter that surrounded him, what were his real views, and how far the warmth of his expressions and splendour of his designs would be borne out by the reality of his services to the general cause.

"The cautious line he had adopted and maintained during the last campaign, had been of the most important consequence to the allies. Nothing had yet occurred in his demeanour which could be made a matter of reproach; but, it must be owned, there was nothing to justify confidence: it remained to be discovered whether the future would wear a more promising aspect. The unequivocal proof of his sincerity would have been, to have boldly and unreservedly committed his new subjects against his old friends; it was not possible to believe him fully in earnest, until we should see him fairly in action at the head of his Swedes, with French troops for their opponents.

"He was on the eve of setting out to Trachenberg, at the moment of my arrival. The time, therefore, was too short to allow of systematic discussion; and our conversations, on both sides, assumed a very miscellaneous character. Of these conversations, and of all the points embraced in them, my position debars me from giving a complete account; but the impression left upon my mind will be conveyed exactly by a phrase of which I availed myself when recording what had passed—"He clothed himself in a pelisse of war, but his undergarments were made of Swedish objects and peace;" and further to confirm me in my belief that these sentiments were not erroneous, a celebrated and distinguished general officer, who was at this period one of my colleagues at the Swedish head-quarters, emphatically assured me, "*Le zèle du Prince se montrera toujours plus à mesure qu'il se croira moins nécessaire.*" In the progress, however, of my detail, I shall bring forward circumstances and facts that will enable the impartial reader to form his own judgment. In this part of the narrative, it is only necessary to state that there was, in truth, no natural link to connect him with the allies: policy had brought him forward; but both policy and affection restrained him from committing himself absolutely against that nation, the love of which was early engrafted in his breast. I must, however, beg to be understood in any observations I make, as not having adopted them from any official source; they will be confined solely to the sentiments I formed myself on the bare military subjects that came forward, and were then in agitation. My opinions may be incorrect; the data for my judgment deficient; the difficulties of the Prince Royal's position known better to himself than to others; but such as my sentiments are I give them, with honesty, and, I hope, becoming deference, while writing a military narrative."

So much for the writer's view of the internal workings of the Prince Royal's mind; his

exterieur, the point to which we chiefly wished to draw our reader's attention at the commencement of this paragraph, is thus graphically, and somewhat whimsically, portrayed:

"Whenever the Prince Royal conversed, it was always with the greatest affability and cordiality. It is impossible to resist the fascination of his eloquent expressions, or be indifferent to his insinuating tone and manner: and when armed, as he always is, with a bottle of Eau-de-Cologne in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other, inundating lavishly every thing around him with the perfume; it requires some hardihood to be quite collected, and insensible to beautiful phraseology, so as to discover the drift or solidity of the extraordinary man into whose presence you are at all times admitted, and accosted as '*Mon ami.*'"

Among the difficulties already hinted at, as occurring to the British agents or envoys, from the collision of the conflicting interests of so many crowned heads, the Marquess records one connected with the individual now before us, of a description rather ludicrous and peculiar, arising from the new position of contiguity as to court etiquette, in which he was necessarily placed from his admitted relation to the august family of the legitimate sovereigns of Europe; a right which, though acceded to from a conviction of the necessity of securing the co-operation of a general of acknowledged military ability, and, as may be justly inferred from the manner in which he has maintained his kingly position under circumstances peculiarly unfavorable, of no small degree of political tact, would most probably be restricted within the narrowest limits. In quoting the particular anecdote selected to exhibit the dilemma into which two *élèves* of royalty, one a member of the old, the other of the newly-formed family of Sovereigns, were involved in a point of court etiquette, and the Marquess of Londonderry's skilful tactique in extricating them from their embarrassment, without a compromise of rank on either part, we shall premise it with another, purely personal, as applying to the Marquess, because it is amusing in itself, and in the narrative immediately precedes that to which we are about to direct our reader's more particular attention:

"A singular and ludicrous anecdote occurred to me at that court, which I cannot forbear relating, as a testimonial of the hospitality and kindness of the late Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz; a prince who was beloved and respected not only by his subjects, but by all who knew him; and who marked by a particular kindness all English visitors and residents in his states. I had ordered myself, on arriving very late at night in the town, to be driven to the inn; but being sound asleep in my carriage with my aides-de-camp on entering the gates, my chasseurs and orderly from the box showed my passports. I was not aware that orders had been sent from the palace to the guard-house to send my *cortege* to the reigning Duke's brother's house in the town.

"On alighting, I found myself shown into magnificent apartments, lighted up, with numerous servants, and with a grand *couvert* laid for supper. Congratulating myself with my companions on our capital inn, we proceeded to call about us, ordered and made free, precisely as if in the first Paris hotel. The wines were excellent; more and more were ordered up; a provision directed to be laid aside to carry forward on the next day's march: in short,

we all went to bed in the sweetest delirium. But the consternation that followed the next morning was appalling, when awakening, I was informed that the Duke's brother was in the ante-room, waiting to know, "Si son Excellence étoit content de sa réception." The ridicule attached to me for this anecdote, did not leave me during the very happy days I spent at the delightful palace of the Duke of Mecklenburg at Strelitz, and in the most enchanting society that then embellished it.

"During the stay of the Prince Royal at Mecklenburg, we had no little difficulty as to the etiquette of this small court with the two Princes. The Prince Royal, as heir to the throne of Sweden, considered that he should take the *pas*. The Duke of Cumberland most properly and rationally could not brook his blood should give way at his uncle's court to Bernadotte, much less did he incline to cede the fair Princess who presided there. The old Duke of Mecklenburg, under these circumstances, entreated me to settle upon some plan for them to get from the saloon into the dining-room. After some reflection, I proposed that the two ladies of rank present, the Princess of Solms and the Landgravine of Darmstadt, should go out together, and that the royal Princes should follow hand in hand. This was adopted after considerable difficulty; but the Duke of Cumberland soon assumed his just rights, and took the first place by the Princess: which the Prince Royal not only perceived, but certainly resented, by showing extreme ill-humour during the dinner."

How mortifying must it have been to a high-minded nobleman, devoted to the great object of carrying into effect a mighty combination of all the power and all the ability of Europe, to have his mind distracted, and his thoughts dissipated at such a moment, about the means of handing in to a dinner-table two ladies, whose fortunes depended on the unbroken union of the individuals engaged in this *petite guerre*. Bernadotte's co-operation was essential, otherwise he would not have been admitted, much less invited, into the league. Yet had it not been for the skilful manœuvring of a British general officer, a drawing room wrangle might have broken up an union, which had required undoubtedly, no small sacrifice of family pride, and of regal associations, for its formation.

The "Narrative" contains a series of circumstances tending to prove, according to the author's mode of explaining them, that the Prince Royal was by no means hearty in the common cause, or, else, that he wished to connect, with the success of the confederate powers, some object of exclusive aggrandizement for himself or his future kingdom.

He was not, however, the only potentate actuated by this unworthy motive. The conclusion of Lord Londonderry's narrative clearly shews, that the Emperor of Russia not only entertained similar designs, but that also, through his overwhelming influence, he was able to effectuate no small portion of his ambitious and selfish projects. Writing, as the author does, when the progress of time has developed the consequences of these projects, it is equally interesting and instructive to mark the effect produced by them on the mind of a British diplomatist, who then, hurried on by the prevailing torrent of the public opinion of courts, thought that the annihilation of the new order of things in France, was the *ne plus ultra* of political wisdom:—

"The Russian and Prussian guards and reserves, to the amount of thirty thousand, crossed the Rhine at Basle on the 14th, and defiled before the allied sovereigns. It is impossible by any description to give an exaggerated idea of the perfect state of these troops; their appearance and equipment were admirable; and when one considered what they had endured, and contemplated the Russians, some of whom had emerged from the steeps of Tartary bordering the Chinese empire, traversed their own regions, and marched in a few short months from Moscow across the Rhine, one was lost in wonder, and inspired with a political awe of that colossal power. The condition in which the Russian cavalry appeared, reflected the highest reputation on this branch of their service; and their artillery was admirable. I could not help, on seeing these Russian guards on this day, recurring to serious impressions with regard to this overgrown empire; and I much apprehend the present tidings from the east of Europe bear out my predictions in 1814, when the Russians were passing the Rhine.

"If we consider the power of Russia, unsailable as she is, in flank or rear, hovering over Europe with an immense front, mistress of the Caspian, the Euxine, and the Baltic, with forty millions of hardy, docile, brave, enthusiastic, and submissive inhabitants, with immense armies, highly disciplined, excellently appointed; her innumerable hordes of desolating cavalry; her adoption of the French maxims in war, of making the countries where her armies march, or are cantoned, feed and maintain them, what may we not fear from her? When we further consider this power flushed with success, and disposed to consider treaties and engagements with her as waste paper, if they stood in the way of any project of aggrandizement; and if we further contemplate her determined will to surmount every barrier which engagements have interposed, in order to advance herself into the heart of Germany, to supplant on one side the ancient dominion of Prussia; on the other, to turn the northern flank of Austria on the Vistula, as she has turned the southern on the Danube; and demanding, as it were, by the fortresses of Thorn and Cracow, the keys of Berlin and Vienna;—when we further reflect on the natural march of empires from north to south, from the regions of frost and snow, and famine, to the climates of warmth, verdure, and fertility, and recollect the revolutions which have taken place in Europe, Asia, and Africa, from the desolating invasions of the northern hordes, what may we not fear and expect?

"When, in addition to these circumstances, we further reflect upon the successive aggrandisements and incorporations Russia has made within the last one hundred and fifty years; the numerous Tartar tribes he has embraced within her military system; the provinces she has successively added to her empire from Persia, the Porte, Sweden, and Poland; that her whole system of government is a military despotism, and nothing known in it or regarded but military subjection on the one hand, and military property, military rank, and military honors, on the other, what may not be the results? If we consider all these circumstances in all their bearings and dependencies, is there a serious and reasonable man in Europe that must not admit that the whole system of European politics ought, as its leading principle and feature, to maintain, as an axiom, the necessity of setting bounds to this

formidable and encroaching power? Weighed against this superior and imperative duty,—a duty urged by all the motives of self-preservation, every minor and secondary consideration, resulting whether from ancient rights or claims, from family feelings and alliances, from views of future political combination and power, ought to be postponed and disregarded. There was no better physical or moral safeguard against the stupendous greatness with which the continent might, ere long, be menaced and overwhelmed by Russia, than in the personal character of the reigning Emperor Alexander; a mixture of benevolence and rectitude, a high sense of religion, and a generous view on all subjects. These afforded in my mind, the only and best guarantee against the far too formidable legions that were then defiling over the Rhine; and that guarantee we have, alas! lost."

Thus it appears, according to this writer's calculations, that Europe has freed itself from the dangers apprehended from the personal ambition of an individual, by enlarging the resources and consolidating the means of a power, based, not on the transient existence of one man, but on the permanent institutions of one of the greatest empires in the world.

[We are reluctantly compelled to defer the completion of our account of this very interesting volume to our next Number.]

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century.
With Memoirs by W. Jerdan, Esq.—Fisher, Son, and Co. London. 10 Numbers.

This is a very valuable and interesting publication, brought out in monthly numbers, on the plan of Lodge's Portraits, to which most justly celebrated work, it is in beauty of execution, far less inferior than the great difference in price might lead one to expect. It is not remarkable, therefore, that it has become almost at once, an exceedingly popular publication.—The portraits are all after works of the most eminent painters of the British school, as Lawrence, Jackson, Shee, Phillips, Owen, Hoppner, Harlowe, and the rest, and are engraved by artists of equally acknowledged abilities.

We cannot conceive a more pleasing occasional hour's occupation, than in turning over the leaves of a volume of this kind, and making ourselves intimate with the most characteristic of all autographs of eminent men—the unerring index which mind has given of itself in the countenance. An examination of this sort, if we have ourselves a physiognomic perception, will satisfy us that there is truth in Lavater, for, however weak and undecided the physiognomical expression of character may be, in the case of minds of little eminence—those of great vigour and power, are invariably strongly marked and historical. If the reader doubt the fact, let him turn to the portraits of Benjamin West the painter, Sir Humphry Davy, Doctor Woolaston, Bishop Heber, and some others in this volume, and then look at those of the Duke of B. and others of the nobility. He will at once perceive the difference to which we allude. The latter look extremely well for Lords, but their heads would not do at all for great philosophers, painters, or poets. These form a class of nobility, holding their titles by a patent higher yet, than even majesty itself. "Of seven peasants," said Henry of-the-six-wives, "I could